

wantonly inflicted this indignity upon me for ~~no~~ no reason, &
(that) I was imprisoned there & betrayed & made to smile at
our damnation — I who was feeling & shocked, as I see now, (to
excuse myself,) by my own struggle with the Waves — who had
vainly perhaps but honestly tried to understand you. H.B. the
Prison: there I was mocking & mourning, & you forced me to it —
you didn't mind it. I went home therefore more jangled &
dazed & out of touch with reality than I have been for years. NYPL
I would not sleep. I took Chloral. I spent the next day in a
state of horror & disillusion. When you rang me up you
seemed to guess at none of all this, & I felt that I would
never approach you so as to touch you again. (And
without exaggeration you don't know how I have honoured & respected you —
Come, oddly to depend upon you. family) So then I put off
Colfax & Ollom: resolved to be quit of this porturing &
insincerely & being hauled about & made to exhibit myself for
ever.

This no doubt seems to you wantonly exaggerated to show
a fit of temper. But it is not. I see of course that it is
morbid, that it is through this even to me intelligible
susceptibility to some impressions suddenly that I approach
madness & that end you drain hope with a gathering old man.
But this is me; & you can't know me & merely brush this
aside & disregard it as a fit of temper. I don't attempt to
rationalise; but I can now, after 2 weeks, see how selfish,
cold, & indeed brutal I may have seemed to you, when in fact
I felt more strongly about you & therefore about your betrayal
as you to wolves & vultures than even before. Excuse this; &
condemne what was your scheme maybe. I don't suppose I shall understand
your explanation. If you give me, or you mine. But I venture it, trusting in
your sanity as I do: & because of what
I call my wish for
you. V

March 17 1932

No I think its really a pity for you to come tomorrow
unless you're absolutely on the door step.
because its so fantabulizing that running in &
out, & feeling one cant start anything.

Men Brown Stammen & Blunher

But so as you like — only
theres also your cold, & you'll get

late & so on & so on & its on
my hand. O what a rack — Jimmy out
V.

52 T. S. Monday

March 21

1932

Dearest Ethel,

I was, & am, very sorry you couldn't, as
couldn't come today. But I expect you were
right. Anyhow Leonard has a violent cold, & you'd
have caught it. Perhaps, for this reason, I shall
put off the picnic - the Strachey game - tomorrow;
but I don't know.

Anyhow I've accepted Mr. B's invitation to
tea on Easter Monday. I shall see you then,
which will be nice - oh yes, nicer than seeing
you here, where I feel hemmed in & depressed &

haunted by how Carrington. That last visit & talking to
her in Lytton's room & saying good bye in the evening in
the garden & thinking she going back into the house
alone: & then waking & fetching her letters ^{L NYPL}
thrusting heavily — how they come back & back. Not
that I could have done anything; but when we were
talking, perhaps I could have said more in praise of life —
I wonder. Only I couldn't lie to her — But I think I'm
too far off this. She held to it, even to her
husband as she did that — it was an accident — how
strange the human mind is — considering she'd done it
once already, or tried to. But she won her point —

I mean, they brought it in an accident, & so I saw all the
 servants & so on just nothing, which I saw, poor man
 some little added misery. But heaven knows how
 what he can do; or his unfortunate mother -
 This is all very dismal, & if you came I should
 only infect you. I'm taking Vita to the Old Vic.
 Oh & we think of flying to Greece for a month;
 please please make up all your advice, &
 memoris. & let me have the benefit.
 I'm doubtless with Leonard Sweeney. & the effort

is a hen fucking up here one grain, there another - M.B.
has sent me his book, - I've snatched ~~at~~ his
praise of your singing, which is all to my mind - NYPL

I mean what I would say myself, on the ~~day~~
strength of half one of Schubert's songs that morning
aren't you happy to have that just as well as the
other? I've now got a huge book on L.W.:
but can't read it, because I hate my own face in the
looking glass. Well then write to Rodmell.

I don't altogether forget - as
the deceiver - your Vienna - And
I never told you all about Cromer on Sunday evening
& the moon, & the sea, & heaps of lovely things I saw.

London.

(2)

23 March 1931

Anna has rung up to say the party is
fixed for Thursday next at 9 - a
cold dinner, I imagine. & a few people of
her inviting.

I've just read your letter heartily - about & ~~how~~
H.B.'s writing - As I say my remarks applied to
his letters; I should never say that his ~~for~~ books
were ^{badly written because they're} ~~not~~ literary - In fact, for me, like most
Americans, he is much too much of a writer literary
in ^{one} sense - too finished, scarce, polished -
controlled; uses his brain & not his body; & if I
call him not a born writer, it's because
he writes too well - takes no risks - doesn't
blunge & stumble & lead jumps at boughs
legend he sharp, as I, & he modest, have done in
my days & you. It tickles off me - his
beauty - ~~some~~ ^{unheard of} raising the nerve,
in my theme - But this is the way with all
Americans - They can't throw things about a
we do & laugh. I'm rushed; & incoherent.
Can't take liberties: are so d-d refined
for example Henry James.

do you go to Torquay, & with whom; & who is
the person you like best, & why, & what was the
compliment to your beauty, & was Maurice
ever in love with you

Monks House.

April fools day
1932

& do you

go to bed
with

more
than
one
man?

Well my dear Ethel. I'ma pen with only
write me post cards about facts. I suppose
I must take my pen & this your
Gibber. And if you knew how difficult
I find it to write! There's always
someone here between tea & port — oh
such heaps of people, yesterday the Kipper's
today my nephew & his lady,
tomorrow Brighton & the Labour
party. So I forget what I was
going to say. Something about
Greece. By Jove, what a
short or tramp or coward you are —
I'm trying to snatch the rest of
Ilang your Caliban Grant
would use at Newmarket —
you know how I love that style —
to care about your friends!

journeys far more than they care! It's an
amazing magnifying glass you carry under
your hat. But I was saying we ^{NYPL}
shall go to Greece via Venice & fly
back & want to hire a car in
Athens.

None of this is very real to me at the
moment because I'm raked & raked &
altogether out of spirits — those
buildings — My view is ruined for ever.
They've now put up 3 iron sheds,
literally the size of St Pauls,
Westminster Abbey on the down
which overlooks my march. Hence
the entire flat is commanded
by these glaring mantroubes & all
my walks that side, but not only the
downs ruined: & the view from the
terrace: the view I always swore was
eternal & incomparable. It

like buying Eggs a year for life — worse.
 And whenever I walk this monstrous
 abortion intrudes itself. This is
 what they call civilization — & it
 to produce cement, & which England
 has already more than she can use:
 so they'll smash, in a year or two,
 & then the horror will be forever.

This has swept me on to a second page,
 which I cannot fill even at my
 pace which is 100 miles an hour,
 as the post is about to go & my
 nephew to come.

We go back on Sunday night,
 perhaps some how I shall get my
 week straight & somehow see you
 & somehow finish my articles
 which bore me to a kind of
 dancing along at the jollity
 of all anti-arm. — mini.
 more than all — such child play.
 such caber-tutting about folly they are.
 (The 2^d common reader this is)

And then I must buy shoes & gloves & a
Jewelry - some big powder, & high power
2 hats - — This is the prelude to all
the joys of travel. Are you in fact
going to Greece too? with whom?
Why? Where?

I've invented the skeleton of another
novel - but it must wait, buried,
at least a year.

This Egolenni must leave: but
I hope to look your ashes &
cauld a fan among them so
that you'll seize your pen, &
plunge it deep, & crown these gh
pages at your warring table - the
one that comes in Jmfo. that
Mankiewicz - What a good book this
I will have a little marble square
laid in to your writing table to say so,
in case you wrote it there. Where did
you write it. And were you ever in
love? & what's your notion of
life? & why